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ANIMAL

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**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

ALBERT and POGO

-by WALT KELLY-

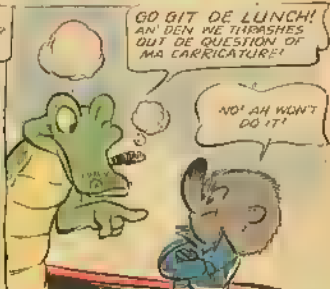
LOOK OUT, POGO-AN' DEN
OO GIT DE LUNCH



ALBERT YOU IS A
UNCULTURED BOOR
AN' IMPOLITE TO
BOOY



GO GIT DE LUNCH!
AN' DEN WE THRASHES
OUT DE QUESTION OF
MA CARRICATURE!



NO! AH WON'T
DO IT!

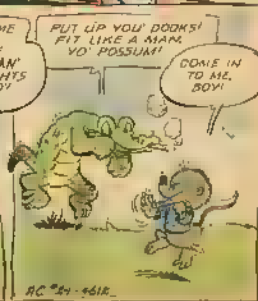
WHAT? DON'T TRY MA
PATIENCE,
BUTTON EYES,
AH'LL PDDLAVORATE YO'



TRY IT! COME
ON- AH'LL
WHOP DE
DAYLIGHTS AN'
DE NIGHTLIGHTS
OUTEN YO'

PUT UP YOU' BOOKS!
FIT LIKE A MAM,
YO' POSSUM!

COME IN
TO ME,
BOY!



TAKE DAT AN' DAT AN'
DAT AN' DAT AN'
DAT AN' DAT—



AN' DAT!



WHOOOF!
CEASE DE
HOSTICKALITIES!

HA! YO
IS WHUPPED!



AH IS NOT! YO' PUNCH ME IN
DE SEEGAR! DAT'S A LOW BLOW!
YO FITS UNFAIR! AH IS
SWALLY DE SEEGAR!



TUT,
TUT,
TUT!

DON'T TRY TO BELITTLE
ME—AH IS DE SKEETER
WEIGHT CHAMPEEN OF
DE SWAMPLAND

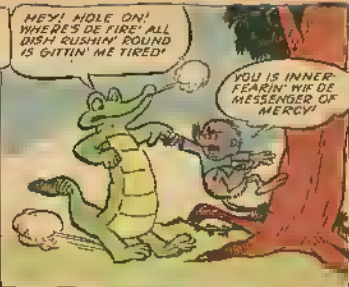
ALSO YO' IS A PYROMANIAL—
AH IS A RAVIN' INFERNO
INSIDE!

MAN, MAN! YO' IS
A FOUR ALARM
CONFLAGARATION!



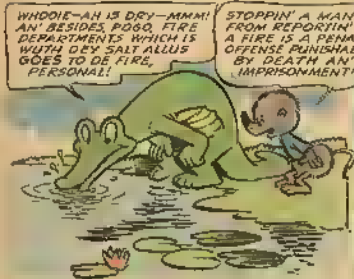


COME ON! WE GOTTA RUSH YO' TO DE FIRE DEPARTMENT!



HEY! HOLE ON! WHERE'S DE FIRE! ALL DISH RUSHIN' ROUND IS GITTIN' ME TIRED!

YOU IS INNER-FEARIN' WIF DE MESSENGER OF MERCY!



WHOOIE-AH IS DRY-MMM! AN' BESIDES, POGO, FIRE DEPARTMENTS WHICH IS WUTH DEY SALT ALLUS GOES TO DE FIRE, PERSONAL!

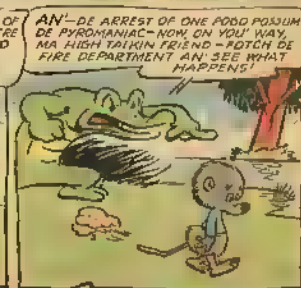
STOPPIN' A MAN FROM REPORTIN' A FIRE IS A PENAL OFFENSE PUNISHABLE BY DEATH AN' IMPRISONMENT!



LOOKY YERE, MISTAH BIG TALKIN' BLAB-BERNUSH-WHEN IT COME TO CRIMINALS YO' IS A SEVEN STAR JAIL-BIRD-YOU IS A FIRE BUG-YOU SET DE FIRE..



DE PO' BURNIN' VICTIM, OF YO' EVIL WAYS SITS NERE CALM BUT CONSUMED WIF INNER FIRES AWAITIN DE ARRIVAL OF DE FIRE DEPARTMENT AN'-



AN'-DE ARREST OF ONE POGO POSSUM DE PYROMANIAC-NOW, ON YOU' WAY, MA HIGH TALKIN' FRIEND-FOTCH DE FIRE DEPARTMENT AN' SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

MA SAKES! AH IS IN
DEEP TROUBLE AS A
RESULT OF MA
TERRIBLE TEMPER
AN' UNPARALLELED
BOXIN' ABILITIES

HEY, BONIFACE, COME QUICK!
DEY IS A BIG FIRE
OVER DAT WAY

YO' JEST
IN TIME,
POGO.

DE BONAFIDE
CONFIRE DEPT.
Bonafide Deputee,
P.O.D.

US PLAYIN' CHECKERS
WIF COOKIES AN' DE
TABLE CLOTH, BUT US
BEEN EATIN' DE COOKIES
TOO—US NEED A COUPLE
OR THREE MO' CHECKERS

BUT—BUT—WIMMINS
AND CHITTLINS IS
PERISHIN' HAND
OVER FEETS!

HAMPH—DASH WHUT
DEY ALL SAY! US OUGHT
TO FINISH OUR GAME—
DISH DE LUNCH HOUR...
GIT US SOME COOKIES
LIKE A GOOD FELLER—
'BOUT THREE.

FOUR BE
BETTER

HOW CROO! ALBERT
OVER DERE WIF FIRE
ROARIN' THROUGH HIS
UPPER STORIES AN' YO'
SIT HERE QUIBBLIN'
AN' NIBBIN'.

HEY! YOU IS
BUSTIN' UP
DE GAME!

DISH YERE PERTY
GOOD—IS YO'
OOT ANY MILK?

YASSUH, HERE—
HOW BIG IS DISH
YERE FIRE YO'
TAI KIN' 'BOUT?

AN'
ME TOO!

MM—WELL, AH CAIN'T SAY!
AIN'T NOBODY BEEN IN DE
INTERIOR... AH SPECT IT'S
'BOUT AS BIG AS DE
WHOLE INSIDE!



HMMM, LET'S SEE—A FIRE LIKE DAT COME
HIGH—WHOLE INSIDE ON FIRE... MM, 5' A
FOOT SIDEWAYS PLUS 3' UP AN' DOWN—
DATS FIFTEEN PLUS TWO OR THIRY-FIVE
MINUS NUFFIN—HAMM...



AH OITS DE
'QUIPMENT
WARNED
UP

TO PUT OUT DAT FIRE
DE BILE WILL BE \$136

WHAT'S DAT'S
UNREASONABLE!



AH AIN'T GONE
GIVE 'O' DE
BUSINESS! AH'LL
LOOK UP ANOTHER
FIRE DEPARTMENT.

JEST A MINUTE—DEY
ISNT NO OTHER
FIRE DEPARTMENT



WELL, YOU COME
OVER AN' ARGUE
WIF ALBERT HE
DE ONE WHUTS
ON FIRE—NOT
ME

ALBERT DRUTNER BURN
TO DEATH THAN PAY
\$136 BUT USTE GO
ANYWAYS



WELL, COME ON—HELP
PLISH DE APPARATUS...





HURIPH-AH B'LEEV
OAT DRINK OF WATER
PUT OUT DE FIRE



SEEM TO ME US LEFT
A BIT OF UNFINISHED
BUSINESS OVER UISH
YERE WAY



NAMELY —
DE LUNCH!



WOOP! YERE COME
ALBERT-I'E LOOK LIKE
I'E PROPRIETOR! OF
DISH YERE BASKET!

OH, A BISCUIT
IN DE BASKET
AH WILL EAT AN'
BUST A BASKET!
TUM TUM TUM



IF HE CATCH US
WE IS GONERS!

QUICK, HIDE IN THERE!
IT'S DE ONLY
CHANCE

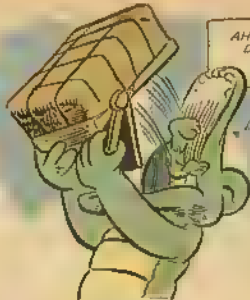


WELL, DAWG MY
GATS! HERE DE OI'
LUNCH! BASKET —
MM-MMM!

AHA! SOME CULPRITS BEEN
CRUNCHIN' DE LUNCHEON!



AHLL TEND TO
DAT RIGHT
AFTER
LUNCH



HMMPH!!

DAT DE VOICE OF ONE
OF DE CULPRITS—
WHERE IS YO'?

YO' IS A FREE—
VARICATOR! YO ISN'T
IN DE BASKET—



HEY!

HELP!
RIGHT
CHERE!
HELP!



AH KNOW.

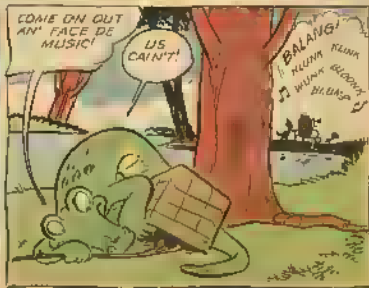


COTCHED
YOU



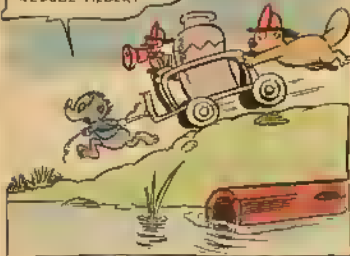
COME ON OUT
AN' FACE DE
MUSIC!

US
CAIN'T!



BALANG!
KUNG KUNG
KUNG KUNG
BLANG!

COME ON-US GOTTA
RESCUE ALBERT!



NEVER FEAR, ALBERT!
WE IS HERE TO
GIVE YO' SUCCOR!

YO' START
A FIRE IN
DE PUMP,
WEEVIL!



DOES YO' REALLY
NEED DE AXEP?

HESH UP-AH
IS IN CHARGE
YERE!



HERE, CHIEF BONIFACE,
HERE, USE DISH
YERE INSTEAD!

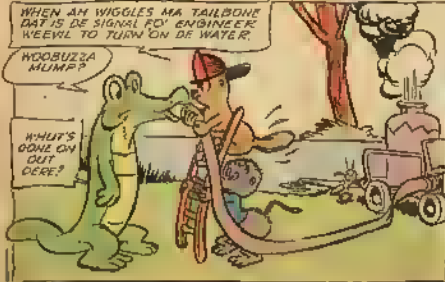
AH PUT
DE OTHER
END IN DE
SWAMP



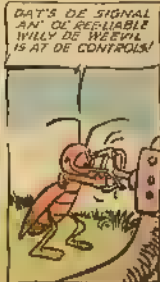
WHEN AH WIGGLES MA TAILBONE
DAT IS DE SIGNAL FO' ENGINEER
WEEVIL TO TURN ON DE WATER.

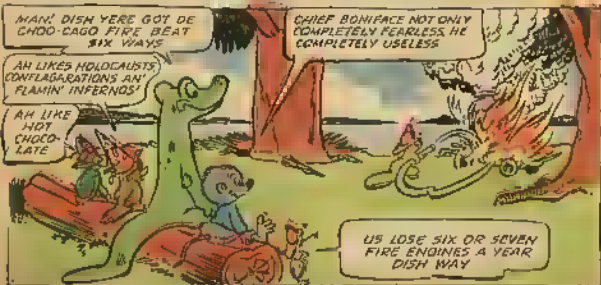
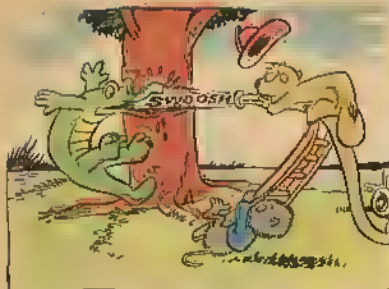
WOOBZZA
MUMPP?

W-HUT'S
GONE ON
OUT DERE?

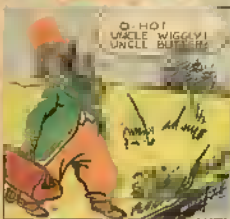
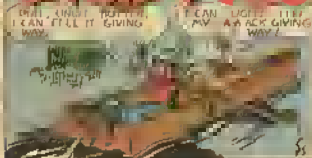


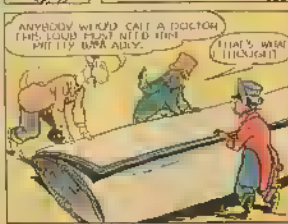
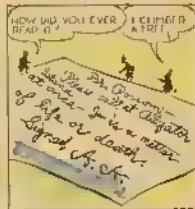
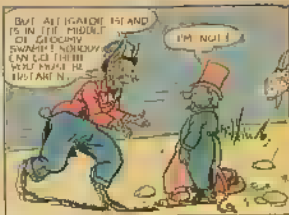
DAT'S DE SIGNAL
AN' OL' RELIABLE
WILLY DE WEEVIL
IS AT DE CONTROLS!

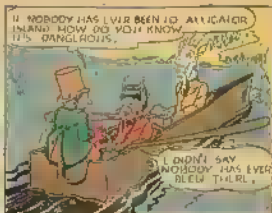
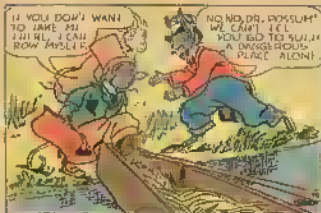


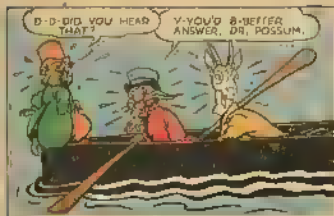


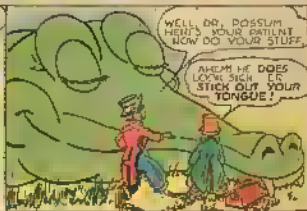
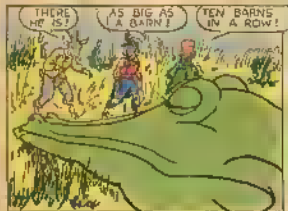
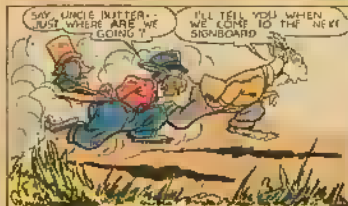
UNCLE WIGGY

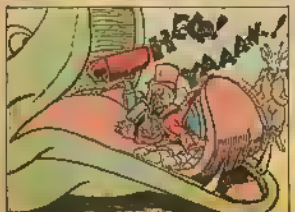
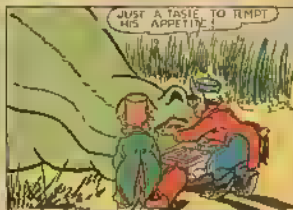
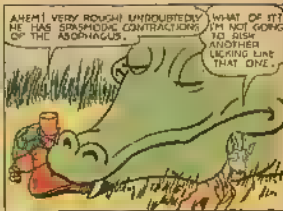


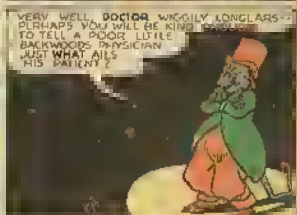








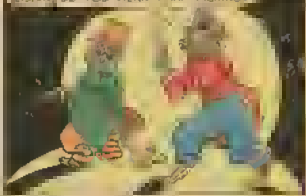




HERE'S HIS PLUMBING-- JUST LIKE A SUBMARINE!



LISTEN, DO YOU HEAR THAT TICKING...



CAREFUL, UNCLE WIGGILY! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MAY BE GETTING INTO.



WMMMMMM! I THOUGHT GOT IT'S TICKING SLOWER AND SLOWER



DO SOMETHING, DR. POSSUM! HIS BLOOD PRESSURE HADN'T HIT THE BOTTOM! HIS HEART'S GOING TO STOP--



HE'S GOING TO DIE! AND THAT MEANS WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE! DO SOMETHING!



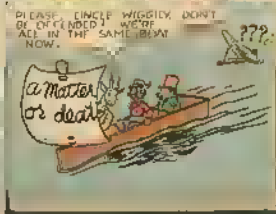
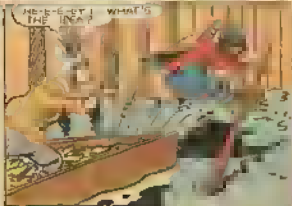
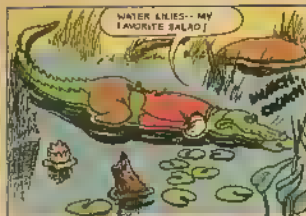
A HEART STIMULANT! THAT'S WHAT WE NEED! TELL ME WHAT YOU'VE GOT-- QUICK!



FR-- LET ME SEE--FR--

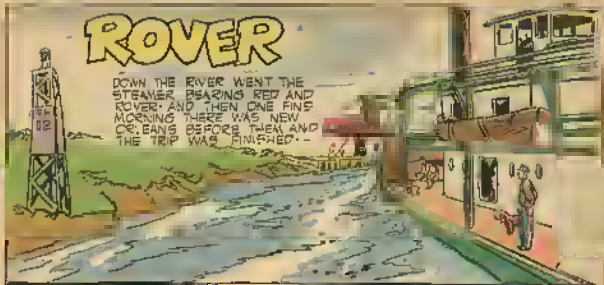
ADRENALINE! THAT'S THE THING TO DED UP A PAINING HEART!



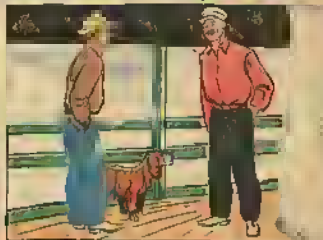


ROVER

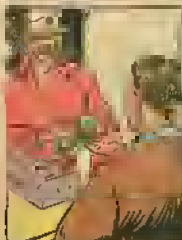
DOWN THE RIVER WENT THE STEAMER BEARING RED AND ROVER. AND THEN ONE FINE MORNING THERE WAS NEW ORLEANS BEFORE THEM AND THE TRIP WAS FINISHED--



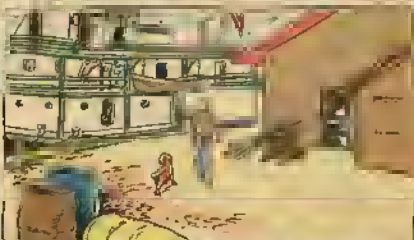
NOW, RED!" SAID THE SKIPPER. "HERE WE ARE. I THINK YOU'D LIKE TO SIGN OVER--WE'D SURE LIKE TO HAVE YOU AND ROVER--"



"THANKS, CAPTAIN--BUT I GUESS WE'LL JUST BE PUSHING ON," ANSWERED RED. "YOU SEE, WE'RE JUST--WELL--I GUESS ROVER'S IS THE BEST WORD!"



"AND TEN MAKES IT THE FULL AMOUNT--HERE YOU ARE, RED--AND GOOD LUCK!"



THEY WERE SORRY TO SEE RED AND ROVER LEAVE! THIS LITTLE DOG AND THE YOUNG MAN HAD PROVED TRUE FRIENDS TO THE CAPTAIN AND HIS FAMILY!



BUT THE TWO WEREN'T WALKING LONG BEFORE THEY STOPPED TO WATCH A BUSY BOATYARD! THEN RED SAW IT!



"LOOK AT THAT BOY!" HE TOLD REDDER: "NOW WE COULD FIX HER UP AND REALLY SEE SOME OF THIS OLD WORLD!"



"WE COULD PAINT HER AND RE-RIG HER SOME AND BOY WHAT FUN WE COULD HAVE!"



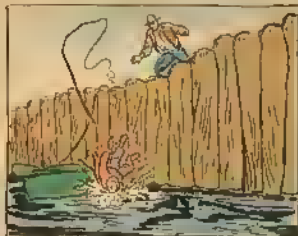
THEY WALKED OUT ALONG THE JETTY TO HAVE A BETTER LOOK AT THE LONG UNUSED SAILBOAT!



AND WERE JOINED A MOMENT LATER BY A NEWCOMER--A RAGAMUFFIN SORT OF BOY WITH A FISHPOLE AND--



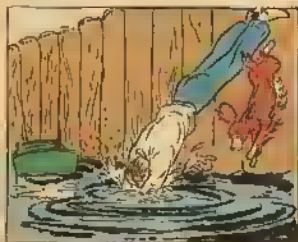
A LITTLE PUP. "WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SON?" ASKED RED. "MY NAME'S MIKE--MICHAEL EDMOND AND THIS HERE IS MY DOG, PEACELISS!"



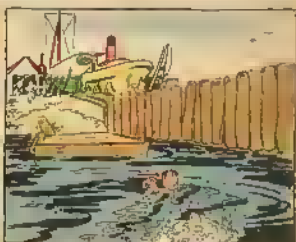
"WELL, MIKE YOU BETTER WATCH HOW YOU'RE SWINGING THAT FISH POLE... BUT RED WAS TOO LATE! WITH A SPLASH MIKE FELL FROM THE JETTY!"



FOR A MOMENT RED HESITATED... THEN HE NOTICED THE BOY WASN'T MOVING IN THE WATER... HE HAD STRUCK HIS HEAD ON THE SKIFF!



WITHOUT WAITING TO DISCARD ANYTHING BUT HIS JACKET, RED DROVE IN... WITH ROVER CLOSE BEHIND!



THE BOY'S FALL HAD BEEN SEEN IN THE BOATYARD AND AS RED SWAM TO THE FLOAT, HE COULD HEAR MEN RUNNING TO HELP!



"THERE YARE, BUB!" SAID A HEAVY-SET MAN LIFTING MIKE FROM RED'S ARMS. "THAT WAS QUICK WORK, STRANGER. AND GOOD WORK TOO."



"MY DOG... RED... BEGAN... WHEN SUDDENLY ROVER CAME IN SIGHT. HE WAS CARELESS FEARLESS WHO HAD FALLEN WITH HIS YOUNG MASTER!"



"THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THE BOY!" THE DOCTOR FROM A CITY AMBULANCE TOLD THEM. "JUST A BUMP ON THE HEAD AND HE'S A LITTLE WET!"



"WELL, THAT'S A RELIEF," SAID THE HEAVY SET MAN. "WHAT'S WRONG? LOSE SOMETHING?" HE ASKED RED.



"LOST EVERYTHING I GUESS... INCLUDING TWO MONTHS' PAY..." "NOW THAT'S REALLY HARD LUCK!" ANSWERED THE MAN.



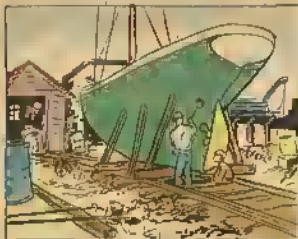
"ELL YOU WHAT... I'LL GIVE YOU A JOB HERE IN MY YARD... AND SO RED WENT TO WORK... AND ONE DAY MADE A DEAL FOR THE OLD SAILBOAT!"



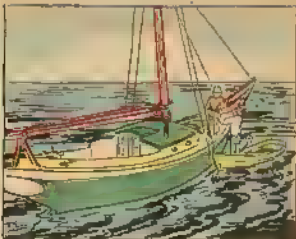
"HELLO THERE, MISTER," SAID A SMALL VOICE ONE MORNING. "IT WAS MIKE WITH FEARLESS!" "WELL, HELLO, YOURSELF," SAID RED. "HOW'RE YOU FEELING?"



"IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE RED AND MIKE WERE FAST FRIENDS. THE BOY LIKED AND ADMIRER HIS BIG NEW FRIEND AND WAS ALWAYS THERE HOLDING A BOLT OR A HAMMER... HELPING!"



AND WHEN RED WOULD WORK ON HIS OLD SAILBOAT THROUGH THE WEEKENDS MIKE WOULD INVARIABLY BE THERE WITH HIM.



HE TOOK GREAT DELIGHT IN RED'S COMING VOYAGE IN THE GULL, AS RED HAD NAMED HER, AND PUT IN LONG HOURS WITH RED PROVISIONING HER!



AND THEY WOULD TALK OF SAILING AND SAILORS IN THE SNUG LITTLE CABIN OF AN EVENING, AND ROVER AND FEARLESS WOULD REST FROM THEIR ROMPS!



THEN ONE DAY RED TURNED TO FIND MIKE STANDING IN A DOORWAY—"RED," HE SAID, "CAN'T I GO ALONG TOO?"



BUT RED HAD TO TELL MIKE THAT HE COULDN'T TAKE HIM... THOUGH THE BOY PLEADED. RED KNEW HE COULDN'T SAY "YES!"



AT LAST CAME THE EVENING BEFORE RED AND ROVER WERE TO LEAVE. MIKE HELPED WITH THE LAST OF THE BAGS!



"WELL, OLD-TIMER" SAID RED--"THIS IS SO LONG, I GUESS, WE'LL BE LEAVING EARLY IN THE MORNING." MIKE HARDLY ANSWERED. "S'LONG," HE SAID ---



--AND STROLLED OFF UNCONCERNEDLY-- RED WAS A LITTLE SURPRISED, IT SEEMED HIS YOUNG FRIEND HAD JUST LOST INTEREST IN HIM.



"JUST AS WELL, I GUESS," RED TOLD HIMSELF. "BE A GOOD DEAL EASIER ON HIM THAT WAY."



IN THE STILL, EARLY MORNING OF THE NEXT DAY, RED CAST OFF HIS LINES AND PUSHED THE GULL OUT INTO THE STREAM.



WITH THE MISSISSIPPI CHUCKLING UNDER HER STERN, THE GULL MOVED SLOWLY DOWN THE RIVER-- A LIGHT BREEZE PUSHING HER SAILS, AND A MORNING SUN BEGINNING TO WARM THE AIR. RED AND BOYER WERE OFF!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING THE GULL DROPPED PILOT TOWN ASTERN AND MOVED GENTLY OUT TO SEA!



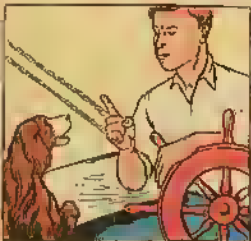
"AND NOW BREAKFAST, ROVER" RED SAID AFTER HE HAD TRIMMED HIS SAILS AND TIED THE WHEEL TO THE COURSE! "YUM... BACON AND!"



BUT RED HAD TO LEAVE HIS GALLEY FOR A MOMENT: THE WIND WAS FRESHENING AND HE FELT OBLIGED TO FURL THE JIB! IT TOOK HIM QUITE A FEW MINUTES.



AND WHEN HE WENT BELOW TO THE GALLEY AGAIN THE BACON WAS GONE!



"ROVER!" SAID RED STERNLY, "THAT'S ONE THING YOU MUST NEVER DO. STEAL FOOD, PARTICULARLY RIGHT OFF THE STOVE!"



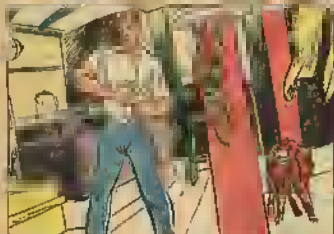
SO RED BREAKFASTED ON COFFEE AND BREAD AND ROVER WAS IN TEMPORARY DISGRACE!



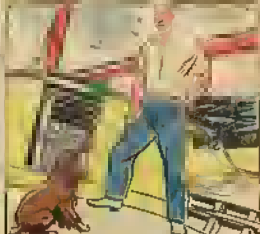
SOMEWHERE AFTER DINNER RED FELT THE NEED FOR A DRINK OF WATER -- AND GOING TO THE MATCHBOX --



HE LIFTED THE WATER JUG -- IF ITS HOOK -- IT SEEMED STRANGELY LIGHT! "NOW WHAT'S THIS?" SAID RED!



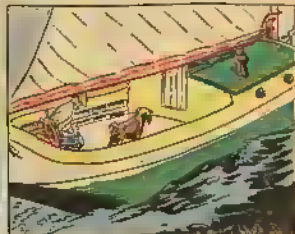
THE JUG WAS EMPTY! I COULD HAVE SWORN I FILLED THAT AFTER LUNCH," SAID RED ALOUD "THAT'S MIGHTY STRANGE."



"AND I KNOW YOU COULDN'T TAKE THE CORK OUT, BOY, SO I WON'T BLAME YOU. OH WELL. COULD BE I FORGOT!"



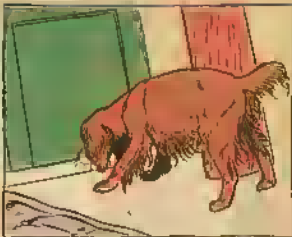
BY LATE AFTERNOON THE GULL WAS HEAVING AND POUNDING INTO A FRESH, CHOPPY, SEA THAT GAVE AN ALMOST UNPLEASANT MOTION TO THE BOAT!



DOWN INTO A TROUGH THEY DROPPED. AND CLIMBED UP ANOTHER WAVE -- AND THEN RED HEARD A STRANGE THING! SOMEONE WAS GROANING!



"ROVER," SAID RED, "DID YOU HEAR THAT? SOMEONE'S GROANING AND IT SOUNDS LIKE A HUMAN!"



ROVER JUMPED DOWN INTO THE CABIN AND TROTTED TO THE LITTLE DOORWAY OF THE FORWARD HATCH.



"AHA!" SAID RED, CLOSE BEHIND HIM. RED WAS BEGINNING TO SEE LIGHT! "COME OUT OF THERE, YOU! RIGHT NOW!"



"MIKE, WELL, I'LL BE... AND FEARLESS TOO! STOWAWAYS, EH?" MIKE BLINKED AS HE CRAWLED OUT INTO THE LIGHT!



SO MIKE AND FEARLESS JOINED THE CREW OF THE GULL... AND AS RED LEFT MIKE AT THE WHEEL TO GO BELOW AND PREPARE SUPPER... HE CHUCKLED TO HIMSELF... HE COULDN'T WANT ANYONE ON BOARD MORE THAN MIKE AND FEARLESS AND HE THOUGHT HAPPILY OF THE PLEASANT DAYS AHEAD!



THE Pensive

*I sometimes pause while walking
To regard with utter glee --*



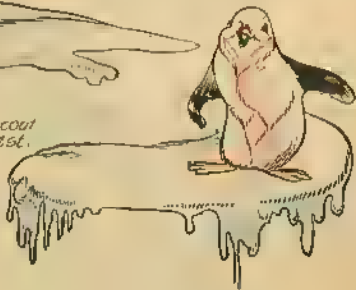
*The tidy way my coat fits
To the back and sides of me*



*And I must say quite modestly
I am the neatest dressed*



*For in addition to a coat
You see I have a vest.*





Penguin

*Oh I admire in the ice
My elegant reflection*



*And think how far superior
Is my snow white complexion*



*Nor have I got the habit
Of those other giddy things*



*Who're flying madly through the air
By beating with their wings*



Jigger

PLEASE, MOOCH!
THINK WILL YA?
TRY TO THINK!

I'M TRYNA
THINK!



WELL?

IT'S NO USE, JIGGER...
ALL I CAN THINK OF
IS HOW HUNGRY
I AM.



CANCHA TRY TO
REMEMBER WHERE YOU
BURIED THAT BONE
LAST SUMMER?

I'M SO
HUNGRY
I CAN'T
THINK.



I GOT IT!

YOU HAVE?



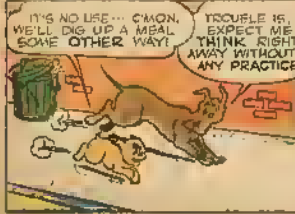
YEH! I BETCHA IF I HAD A GOOD
SQUARE MEAL, I WOULDN' HAVE ANY
TROUBLE REMEMBERIN' WHERE
I BURIED THAT BONE.

OOOOH!



IT'S NO USE... C'MON,
WE'LL DIG UP A MEAL
SOME OTHER WAY!

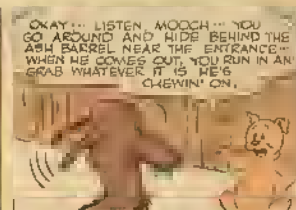
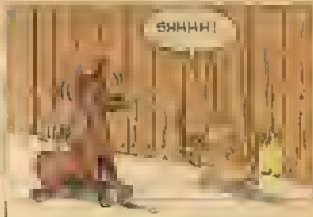
TROUBLE IS, YOU
EXPECT ME TO
THINK RIGHT
AWAY WITHOUT
ANY PRACTICE.

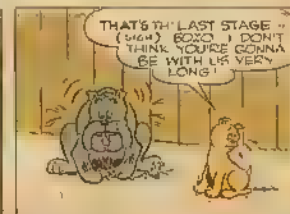
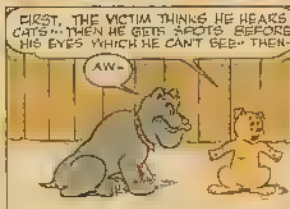
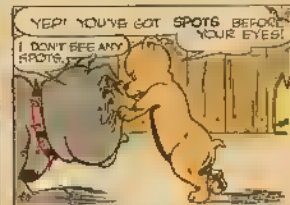
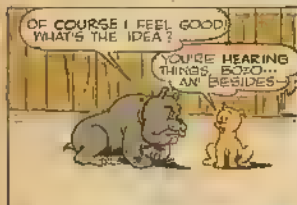


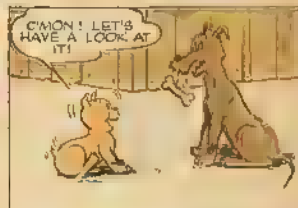
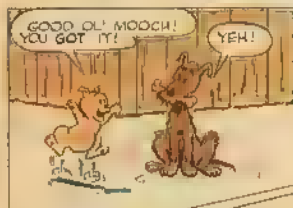
WE'LL AMBLE OVER TO SEE
BOZO... I THINK HE
GETS FED ABOUT
THIS TIME.

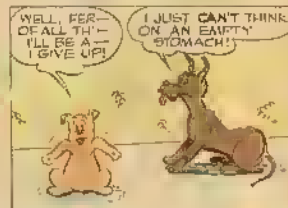
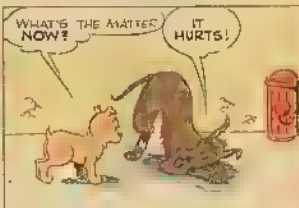
BOZO?
HE'S TOUGH!

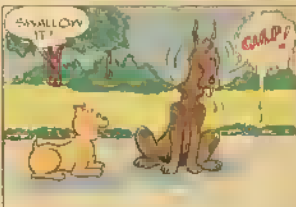










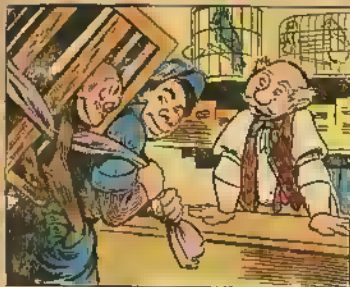


NOT 50 Dumb Animals

MR SCHULTZ'S PET SHOP WAS
LOCATED IN A QUIET PART OF THE
TOWN, NOTHING EXCITING EVER
HAPPENED THERE UNTIL ONE
EVENING--

THE DOOR OF THE PET SHOP WAS
SHUT AND THE LIGHTS WERE
OUT. MR SCHULTZ HAD GONE
HOME AND HIS SON, BOB, WAS
ASLEEP IN HIS BED.





HMM... PRETTY GOOD BUT
HOW ABOUT MY CHANGE ?



TWO BITS..
RIGHT ?

RIGHT !



PUT DE GRATE
DERE !

THERE ?

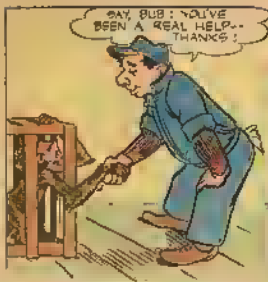


NO DERE !

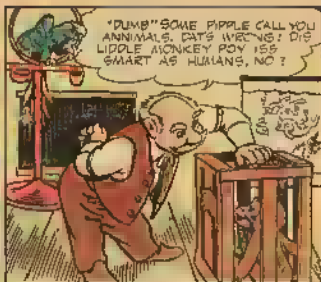
OH THERE !



WHEW !! THAT'S
DONE !



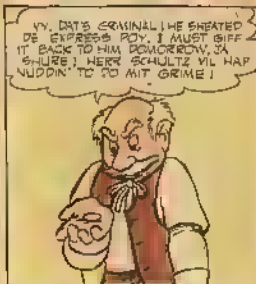
SAY, BUB: YOU'VE
BEEN A REAL HELP--
THANKS!



"DUMB" SOME PIPPLE CALL YOU
ANIMALS. DATS WRECK! DIS
LIDDLE MONKEY POY ISS
SMART AS HUMANS, NO?



HE GEEFS ME A
QUARTER--MEIN HIMMEL!



VV. DATS CRIMINAL! HE CHEATED
DE EXPRESS POY. I MUST GIFF
IT BACK TO HIM DOMORROW. JA
SHURE! HERR SCHULTZ VIL HAF
NUDDIN' TO DO MIT GRIME!



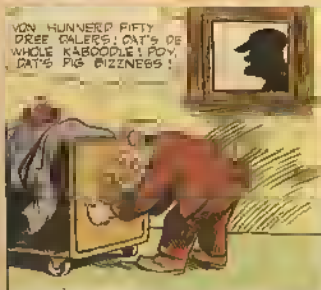
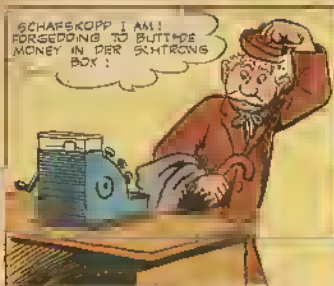
YE HAF HAD A GOOD DAY--
DER RECHISTER ISS
FULL!

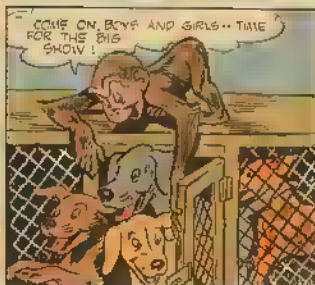
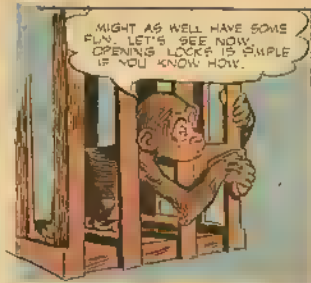


HO HUM-- SCHLEEFY--
TIME FOR DER
LOCKUP!



NIGHTY NIGHT, LIEB! ING--
TIME FOR SCHLEEP--
AUF WIEDERSEHEN--
DOMORROW MORNINGS!

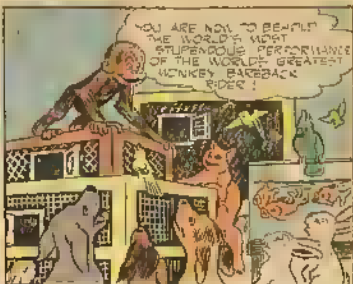




ADIES AND GENTLEVEN,
QUET PLEASE.



YOU ARE NOW TO BEHOLD
THE WORLD'S MOST
STUPENDOUS PERFORMANCE
OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST
MONKEY BACKPACK
RIDER!

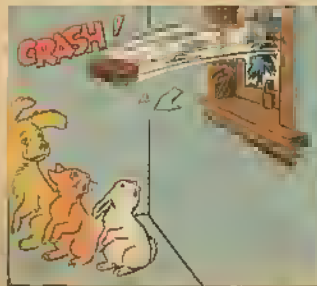
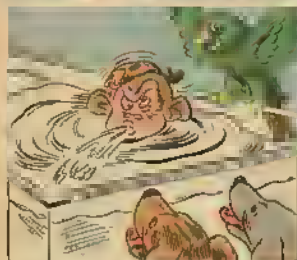


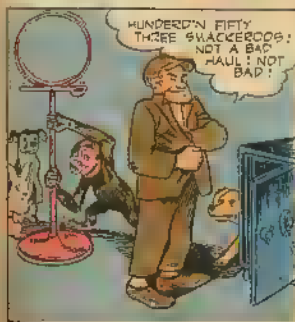
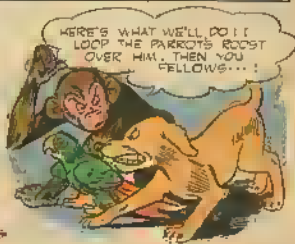
READY? REMEMBER..
YOU'RE HORSES NOW..
NOT PUFFS!



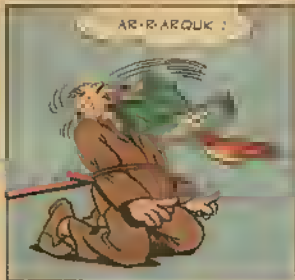
ALL RIGHT! HERE
WE GO!



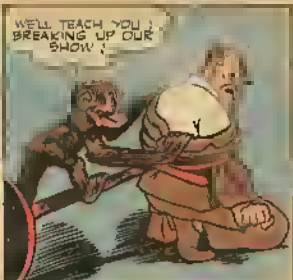




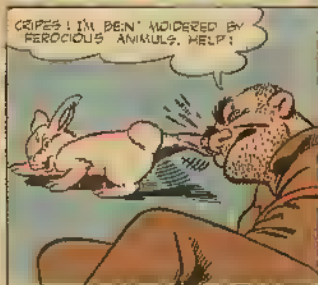
AR-R-ARQUK !



WE'LL TEACH YOU !
BREAKING UP OUR
SHOW !



CRIPES ! I'M BEIN' MOIDERED BY
FEROCIOUS ANIKULS. HELP !



HELP A-A-AK
A-A
HELP POLICE
HI-HAHEL
POLLY WANTS A CRACKER!

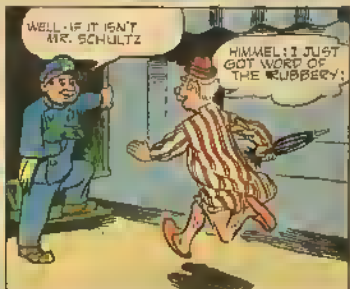
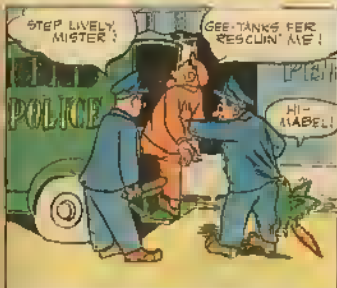


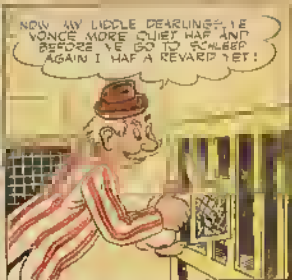
HAL-LE MOIDER-- THEY'RE
KILLING ME--
HELP !



HELLO-DESK SERGEANT--
SOMEBODY'S BEING MURDERED
AT MR. SCHULTZ'S PET SHOP!







THE GIRAFFE WHO LOVED HATS

(Continued from page 10)

So all the animals agreed that it would take a lot of hard thinking in order to break Gilly of her unhappy habit.

"But we must think of a solution quickly," warned Mother Monkey. "We only have a week, you know."

So all during the next few days the animals racked their brains. All the customers at the zoo complained that the animals were not at all amusing, but just sat about in their cages all day long.

"You see?" said the zoo keeper to his assistant. "That giraffe ever has the rest of the animals eating grass. It's high time we got rid of her, I say. She's ruining the morale of the whole zoo."

Finally there was just one day left before Gilly was to be sent away, and still the animals had reached no decision. They sat about and shook their heads in despair, for they knew now they were about to lose their friend. Suddenly a commotion broke loose among the baby monkeys, and the littlest one dashed over to his mother and whispered in her ear.

"Of course," she exclaimed, "why didn't we think of that?" And she hurried over to the Old Boboon and in tears whispered to him.

"Um-hum! I see what you mean. The vanity of woman, eh?" The Old Boboon nodded wisely. "It might work, at that. We'd best to try, anyway."

So it was, that presently one little monkey slipped into the zoo keeper's office and hurried out with a little wicker basket on his arm. Then the birds gathered bright red berries from the bushes, and the peacock contributed a beautiful blue feather, while all the rest of the animals gathered as many flowers as they could find.

Mrs. Monkey took the handle off the basket and punched the bottom out, then filled the hole with the flowers and the berries. Next she made a wreath out of some more flowers, and placing it about the brim, she topped it all off with the peacock feather.

"It's as pretty a flowered bonnet as any that's come into the zoo," she said, proudly holding it up for the rest to see. "If Gilly

doesn't like this hat too well to eat it, I'll miss my guess."

And so all the animals perched over to the fence, and the littlest monkey scrambled up Gilly's long neck and placed the hat atop her head. Gilly looked delighted and raised her neck in order to see herself in the polar bear's pool. The littlest monkey clomped down excitedly and cried, "She thinks it's wonderful! But suppose she wants to eat it!"

"Then you tell her she has the prettiest bonnet of the season. She'll be too proud of it to want to eat it."

And that's exactly what happened. Gilly became so vain that she got a tick in her neck from looking at her reflection so much. But the animals forgave her her vanity, for she was so pleased with her bonnet that she never again stole another one from a woman's head. So she became the biggest attraction at the zoo and earned the reputation of being the giraffe who wore a hat.



UNCLE WIGGILY

